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# THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 39. CHICAGO, JUNE 17, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.

Reading Room Divinity School

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## "WINGED" ON THE WAY.

*It was flying away from a northern clime*
*To the land of the southern sun.*
*It had crossed the mountain peaks sublime;*
*It had dipped where rivers run.*

*Through valleys with autumn tints ablaze*
*It had taken its happy flights,*
*With songs in the Indian summer days,*
*With dreams in the starry nights.*

*But a taker of life, who was walking the earth*
*So quick 'spied that carroling thing;*
*He cried: "There's a specimen rare that is worth*
*My taking right now on the wing."*

*Then a pointed arrow spun through space,*
*And that twinkling, singing star*
*Came whirling down onto earth's dear face*
*Her beauty to mock and to mar.*

*The rare, sweet song in the singer's breast*
*Was hushed, and the world that day*
*Was jarred from ocean to mountain crest*
*Through the bird that was "winged" on the way.*

—MARIE HARROLD GARRISON.

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St.

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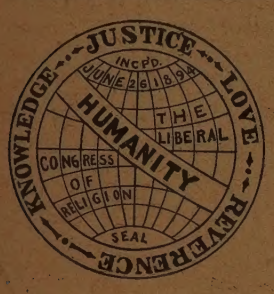
# THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897. NUMBER 16.




TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
*—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

## Editorial.

*Wait cheerily, then, O mariners,*
*For daylight and for land;*
*The breath of God is in your sail,*
*Your rudder is His hand.*

*Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted*
*With blessings and with hopes;*
*The saints of old with shadowy hands*
*Are pulling at your ropes.*

*Behind ye holy martyrs*
*Uplift the palm and crown;*
*Before ye unborn ages send*
*Their benedictions down.*

*Sail on! The morning cometh,*
*The port ye yet shall win;*
*And all the bells of God shall ring*
*The good ship bravely in!*

—WHITTIER.

The Chicago *Tribune* celebrated, last week, its jubilee in a way that brought impressively to mind the mighty significance of the period spanned by its existence. The Queen's Jubilee will give ample opportunity for the wider perspective, but this local jubilee brought impressively before hundreds of thousands of readers the mighty power of the printing-press and the splendid development of the printer's art. This many-page anniversary number came from the press printed in many colors, carrying with it the brilliancy of a butterfly's wing. These material triumphs must have a spiritual equivalent somewhere, and it must be worked out somehow.

We are glad to print in these columns Mr. Sunderland's testimony concerning the water that awaits the foreign traveler, not only for its own sake, but because it gives us an opportunity to say that the recent experience of the senior editor corroborates his statement in every particular. The water of Italy is superb. It makes one thirsty to think of it. We are glad to add our testimony to that of Mr. Sunderland, that we know of at least one other traveler with whom the waters of Europe agreed, and that he found it not only very healthy but very delightful traveling without the help of the gentlest intoxicants, or the more seductive narcotics of tea and coffee.

Apropos of the need of teaching economy to the poor, here are three items from a two-dollar order issued by the poormaster to a certain destitute family. The whole two dollars' worth was taken on the day the order was issued, and three of the items were: "Two pounds Frankfurt sausages; one chicken; one quart of oysters (selects)." Perhaps this is better than the result of one good woman's scheme for helping a certain family who were living on broken victuals from back doors. She gave the woman, on Friday, a day's work, and paid her one dollar. On Monday the woman called to express her gratitude. The children had always wanted to go to the matinée. And the dollar had taken them *all!* Should she come again *next* Friday?

It is with more gratitude than pride that we call attention once more to the enterprise, energy, and determined courage of our publisher. Since the first of March THE NEW UNITY has been pushed as it never was before, and on every side there have come indications of appreciation from our old constituents, and evidence that there is a new constituency larger than the old waiting for our word, if we can but find them. Our readers do not need to be reminded that the sixteen-page paper has been changed to a twenty-page paper, but the quantity of matter necessitated a smaller type than was consistent with good art, and some eyes which we are anxious to interest, and so, in order to increase the legibility without decreasing the quantity, from this on THE NEW UNITY will be a twenty-four page paper, with all the wide-column matter in the larger type, which has heretofore been confined to the editorial columns, and all the narrow-column matter will be raised from the too-small nonpareil to the

brevier, which we hope will prove just right. The editorial department will continue its efforts to justify the work of our publisher, and we believe that both publisher and editor may confidently count upon the appreciation and exceptional effort of our readers to do their part. THE NEW UNITY now reaches a wider regular constituency than it ever did before, but it does not begin to reach the constituency it fain would serve. The work of doubling our present list is still a feasible, pressing, and pending task, which, spite of hard times, can and will be accomplished with the co-operation of the readers who believe in us. The espousal and advancement of a great cause means sacrifice and work. Such sacrifice and work should not all be at one end of the line.

We have frequently spoken of the Nashville Exposition as an influence that will modify the climate, break down prejudices, and nationalize the sympathies. That this is much needed, is indicated by the incident that occurred last week when the Illinois delegation visited the city to install the Illinois building and exhibit, a delegation of thirty or more, officially appointed, with Ferd. W. Peck, Esq., as chairman. In the delegation was Representative Buckner, a colored member of the state legislature of Illinois, and he alone of the delegation was intercepted at the hotel door and admittance refused him, spite of protest, until Chairman Peck, much to his credit, administered a wise rebuke by setting a noble example, inviting Representative Buckner to share his room and occupy the second bed that happened to be in the same. How long, O how long, will it be before the pitiable prejudices of color and creed will cease to interfere with the law of worth and the specific gravity of soul so that a man or woman can be taken for what they are, rather than for what they seem to be?

An editorial associate sends the following, which is worthy a place in our editorial columns:

Occasionally the comical treads upon the heels of the pathetic, and here is an instance in real life, too good to be kept from the readers of NEW UNITY. There is a certain Michigan lady who is in her eightieth year, and whose most striking characteristics are a surprising youthfulness of spirit and an intense enjoyment of life and vivid sympathy with all the progressive movements of to-day. Two weeks ago she lay, apparently, at death's door, and dictated to her son several letters of farewell to distant friends of her girlhood days, expressing the thought that her time had come, and her resignation to go hence. A week later, sorrowful and consolatory letters came pouring in upon the son, from those who supposed their old-time friend to have taken leave of earth. Meantime, however, the lady had taken an unexpected turn for the better. "Charles, I want to hear those letters," she remarked. Whereupon Charles, with much reluctance and emotion, read: "Sit by her side and whisper 'Mary' in her ear. She has gone to a brighter and better clime" — whereupon the lady broke in with indignant energy: "You need n't whisper 'Mary' in my ear! You can just tell Mary — that I 'm not dead *yet!* You can tell her I am not anxious for any 'brighter or better clime' than this, and I expect to live to be an *old lady* yet!" Long may the bright, brave, hopeful, youthful spirit tarry to bless the world with her joy in the world! But it is not for such as she to achieve old-ladyhood. Eighty years young, always young!

## The Coming Together.

We have before us the programme of a joint convention of Unitarians and Universalists that convenes this week at All Souls (Universalist) Church, Minneapolis, which is another straw that shows the inevitable trend of the stream. The programme is divided into young people's meetings, Sunday school convention, a separate meeting of the Universalist state convention, and the joint meeting. In the programme we see the names of Rev. D. N. Beach, Plymouth Congregational Church, Minneapolis; Rev. William Kincaid of the Presbyterian Church, and the local Unitarian and Universalist ministers of Minnesota. Our associate, R. A. White, is to speak on the Civic Church. Among the practical topics to be considered are "The Church in its Relation to Temperance, Charity, Labor, and Politics." Mr. Lord of St. Paul is to open the discussion on "The Future of the Liberal Churches." Gannett, Simmons, Crothers, Shutter, and Lord of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Carleton F. Brown and Mr. Southworth, in other parts of the state, have not been preaching in vain. Their broader gospel which foresees the synthesis of the ethical forces in the interest of the spiritual life must bring forth fruit. This programme is another small prophecy of what must inevitably come. It is in the line of the hope and the inspiration of the Liberal Congress.

The Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies at its last meeting appropriated the $10 that entitles it to a representative at the Nashville Congress, and appointed its secretary, Rev. W. D. Simonds of Madison, as its delegate. Greetings of good will and assurances of sympathy have recently come from the Conference of Unitarian Churches of the Pacific Coast saying, "We sympathize with all such efforts of religious fraternity as that embodied in the articles and spirit of your organization, but it will be impossible for us, chiefly because of the great distance, to send a representative to your gathering. We wish you a successful meeting." From the secretary of the Plymouth and Bay Conference, Massachusetts, comes the word,

"Your invitation on behalf of the Liberal Congress to our Conference, soliciting co-operation, was duly received and laid before the Conference at its annual meeting May 12th. It was unanimously voted that the secretary be instructed to express the sympathy felt by the Conference with the Liberal Congress in its aims and work, though it finds itself unable to send a delegate to this Congress."

Meanwhile we realize that our readers are waiting anxiously for further tidings of the Nashville Congress. Suffice it for the present to say that the secretary has been busy with his correspondence, and that from college president to orthodox preacher, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, come cordial, sympathetic words, and when declinations are unavoidable they come from the exacting causes of poverty of time and strength. The great distances have to be overcome. This week THE NEW UNITY will go to press without the supervision of the editor-in-chief. He left Monday night for Nashville, and will not return to Chicago until Friday morning. He went to settle questions of detail, and to attend to such business adjustments as will secure maximum comfort to the delegates and visitors at the coming Congress, October 19–24. Before he went, an informal consultation with the available resident members of the board carried the programme a step forward in its details, which, when made public, we believe will prove attractive and awaken intelligent interest and do good. Here, again, all the work cannot be done in the secretary's office. A great congress means expense. We need the sinews of war, which, on account of hard times, should be forthcoming out of the high consecration of those who believe in our cause. In another column we print the financial statement of the year ending June 1st, which date marks the close of our fiscal year. The list of patrons is an honor list which ought to give heart to any worker. As our books are kept, most of these annual memberships are for the year ending June 1, 1897, and a renewal is due, which we trust will be forthcoming. But we cease soliciting, and return to the task of deserving co-operation, believing that the cause which the Congress has espoused will not die, that it carries its own appeal, and will bring its own vindication.

## Is Christianity in Decadence?

It has been assumed by a few, at least, of those that have worked for religious parliaments, that Christianity is worn out — has made a failure — and that something else is needed to replace it. On the other hand, many who have looked unfavorably upon these religious congresses have done so because they were unwilling to allow that it would at all be to the advantage of Christianity to be placed in comparison with any other method or form of religion. There has been, evidently, beyond this a secret fear that such comparison, openly made and insisted upon, would lead to a decreased public sentiment in favor of Christianity. Again, another class of active Christians are apt to rush into print, full of disappointments and discouragements, and with a wider knowledge of the history of religions, expressing a conviction that in reality Christianity has not accomplished for the world what was expected of it. Another class lays emphasis upon what it is pleased to call the decadence which is going on at the present time in both faith and practice. They see modern society all the time on the brink of ruin. They see those restraints which were the strongest in our fathers' days now weakened essentially, if not entirely loosened. The churches do not hold exactly the same relation to the people; the Bible is not looked upon with awe; the Sabbath has less of sanctity; and, worst of all, as if it were a part of the same decadence, it is pointed out that the family is undergoing dissolution — that divorce is multiplying — family government given over; and, in general terms, monogamy a wreck. The error at this point, with the last class, is confusing an essential element of social progress with religious forms and ceremonies. The question of the decadence of the family has nothing to do with the sanctions of Christianity; and in reality, if we could get to look at it from the right standpoint, we should see that the question of Sabbath-keeping, or holding one day in the week sacred for rest, is not at all a Christian law; that it is not even a matter of religious ceremony, but is a question of political economy. One of the oldest social customs, one of the first to be enacted into the form of a statute, was that which required all the members of the communal family to work faithfully six days, and to rest just as faithfully, but no more faithfully, on the seventh. This law, wise and salutary, coming down through the Aryan ages, reaches us at last as a religious obligation, not to work six days, but to rest one day; or rather not so much to rest one day as to go through with certain religious formularies one day of the seven.

To really get at this question of the decadence of that religion that Jesus undertook to found, it is necessary to find some definition of Christianity. Is it what St. Paul taught? Is it what Augustine taught? Is it the Decrees of Trent? Is it the Augsburg Convention? Is it the Westminster Catechism? Is it the doctrine of the New Testament? or of the Old Testament? or of both? Or is it the Jesus-life in history? the godliness that works for rightness in every day and for right character everywhere? Or, to look more to action than to creed, is Christianity more in decadence because there is less of church-going, less of proselyting, less of the mechanism of praying and preaching relatively to population? It ought not to be a difficult matter for us to agree that if we find more of Jesus and the

Jesus-spirit in modern life, then Christianity is gaining and growing. Let us pick up the question at any point. Our nation is more temperate than ever before. The reform in the drinking habit, begun about 1820 under Lyman Beecher, took a stout hold of not only the American people but of the English nation, and at last of the Scotch, and to some extent of the Continental Christian nations. A drunken minister is no longer tolerated, nor one who indulges habits even bordering on intoxication. A church member must be one who governs his appetites. The nation has never lost the inspiration that it gathered from that reformation. It is true that the foreign influx that began about 1840 has kept up the contest with intoxicants; and there are sometimes local causes for great despondencies. But there is scarcely a place in America, outside of the larger cities, where social habits are not more refined, quiet, orderly, than in 1830 or 1840. Take the single matter of New Year's Day calls. These, some forty years ago, were associated with almost a universal breach of decorum, connected with drinking habits. None of this, or very little of it is seen to-day. If we consider the question of justice, our people have made as great progress. Slavery has been abolished, and the very instinct of American people is to abhor all forms of bondage. Political strife is not comparable for virulence with that of one hundred years ago. No campaign has occurred since the war involving riots, hatred, and party bitterness endangering the peace. We may look back to that of 1840 and that of 1832; or still farther back, to 1800, when Jefferson was made President for the first time, or even farther back, to the administration of Washington himself, and be grateful that we have no such scenes of violence, and no such vituperative political controversies. Our social life is manlier and fairer. Our nigger-pews are gone. There is no aristocracy, except that which is used up on polo, and exhibits itself as sons of somebody, who did something in some past period. Never before did such brotherhood of mankind exist. Never before was there such an age of peace. Never before was there such educational progress. It is true that we have not succeeded in doing what our zeal hoped to accomplish,—that is, to convert the world to a belief in the supernatural character of our leader, or of our text-book. Indeed, a large proportion of the Christian people no longer care to bring about any such unification of the world. It is recognized, not only that God has spoken to different peoples in divers ways in the past, but that he will continue to do so in the future. We recognize the fact that it is impossible for different races to look through the same religious spectacles. Our instincts are so unlike, our emotional life so diverse, that our customs, both in church and state, must always vary. The most we can hope for is a friendly federation.

One lesson above all others necessary for us to learn is to change machinery with the times. The farmer cannot compete with his neighbors if he still insists in using his old one-handled plow. At one time it must be granted that that implement was an inspiration. It must now give way to steel and chilled iron. In our religious work the same readjustment is constantly necessary. Many very-much-loved methods of our fathers we must part with. Our weakness to-day is almost invariably in our political and church system. We have the fault of believing that we have invented, or that our forefathers invented for us, perpetual motion. The church resurrects only its spirit. The state does the same. Our legislative system is rotten, but that does not prove that the spirit of freedom is dead; it is as much alive as ever. So in church methods, those that worked well with our Puritan fathers must now be cheerfully given up. Shortening sermons may not have been all that was needed. The institutional church is a new blossoming of Christianity. It needs real faith in a God who is more important to us than all beliefs or notions to be able to give up what we have held to be sacred customs or theories. But it will not do to let the world quite get out of reach of us while we sit hugging antiquity or mediævalism. The same trouble afflicted the school for a long while. But the day of freedom for education has come. New methods and new views are no longer feared by those who have charge of the development of the intellect. The church, having charge more directly of the emotional nature and moral life, must learn to rejoice that essential Christianity is deeper than Calvinism or Puritanism or Congregationalism or Unitarianism; that it is, in fact, faithfulness to the truth of the life that is about us and in us, and to the revelations of the present day. Christianity, if flexible and adjustable to the progress of the world in material affairs, and political and social, may see its forms go into decadence but its spirit never. Its soul is what it was at the beginning. Thou shalt love God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself. E. P. P.

# Correspondence.

## A Shameful Business.

I wonder how long before the sense of decency and the regard for public safety will banish from the columns of our newspapers advertisements that are known by every mature reader to be announcements of readiness to commit one of the most heinous and revolting crimes in our criminal calendar. The destruction of pre-natal life is a penitentiary offense; and yet the columns of most or our great daily newspapers (especially the Sunday papers) teem with what we all well know to be specific offers to commit this crime for a consideration. How is it that these monstrous persons dare to thus advertise themselves and make their whereabouts known? Why do not the courts take cognizance of it? Why do not the people who so rail against Sunday papers attack some such specific evil of the Sunday papers? Why does not "somebody" do something about it?

And are these advertisements any more evil than those which appeal to poor, broken-down, miserable man, with promises of free advice and remedies, when it is perfectly well known to the wise that the

whole thing is a fraud of the most damnable order? In my own town, I blush to say, are several of these "medicine companies" who advertise in far-away cities to send remedies absolutely free and in strictest confidence. Having once obtained the name of the prospective victim, the usual plan is to ship a package of the medicine c.o.d., and to notify the consignee of the fact and the amount of the charges. Usually the goods are taken and paid for; if not, a second letter urges payment, and a third offers some reduction in the price. If this is not effectual, the company threatens to have the express company sell the package with his name upon it; and this scheme of blackmail usually secures payment at once.

These methods have been more than once exposed. The post-office authorities have confiscated the mail of these concerns, but a trip to Washington by their representative has reinstated them. No institutions in the city make so much money, it is believed, or give so much business to the express companies. (By the way, their instructions to express agents is to destroy the medicine, not to return it, in case it cannot be disposed of at the point of destination.)

One company alone employs over two hundred girls in its correspondence department, and this correspondence, as revealed by the post-office detectives, is reported to be foul beyond description. The girl who goes there to work sacrifices her reputation, and how much of her character!

And yet there are in this town men of honorable position and officers of churches who are stockholders in these companies, and, so, sharers in all their infamies. Is it not pitiable that there is so much lost manhood which does not even know itself to be lost? *Why* DO *we suffer such things?* * * *

---

DEAR NEW UNITY:—I would like to commend to your readers—especially to clubs and circles in churches—the parlor lectures and readings of Mrs. Nelly Hall Root of Hinsdale, Illinois. I have heard her "Marble Faun" and "The Doll's House," and can commend them in the highest terms for their clear, penetrating, elevated, yet common-sensible, discussion of the ethical questions involved in these works of master minds. They are *sermons* in the truest sense of the word. I wish they might have a wider hearing,—as also "The Scarlet Letter," which I have heard praised beyond either of the two I have had the pleasure of hearing. The moral and spiritual insight seems to me extraordinarily fine. These addresses will do good wherever heard. Sincerely,

CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.

---

The origin of the good, and how to make good come forth, is now the problem. There was no evil till reason had developed. There was no good till reason showed something higher than man was practicing. Sin consisted, and will ever consist, in following a lower when man sees a higher way. Man is accountable to his ideals. God, in the very nature of things, holds him responsible for effort toward their attainment. The good means obedience to the continually and ever evolving and developing laws of God. The bad means remaining in what was and is. The past and the present become bad as soon as the better future is conceived.

Toward this higher future, away from the lower past, we must ever strive. And the only rest man can ever know is that peace which God has beneficently granted to the soul that is longing and striving toward the Most High. The end of life, the satisfaction of life, is the process of attaining higher life.—*From Science in Sermons.*

# The Liberal Congress.

*Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.*

## America Bound.

Awake, awake, my life!
Put your beautiful garments on!
Awake once more to the glorious strife
Of the glorious dead and gone!
The clamoring drum and the screaming fife
Are better than home or child or wife,
And the battle begins at dawn!

Men of the North that shed
Your brethren's blood for me,
And strewed the earth with countless dead,
That black men might be free.
How say ye now that ye shall not fight
For slaves that like yourselves are white,
And brothers akin to ye?

Men of the fiery South,
Whom I freed of your raging curse,
O free me, now, with the sword of your mouth
From shackles that gall me worse!
For freedom and me ye stood of yore,
O stand for freedom and me once more,
And not for the tyrant purse!

Men of the sturdy West,
Young and rugged and bold,
Ye were the children that I loved best,
O sell me not for gold!
Your freedom is there in your prairies wild,
O rise for freedom and me, my child,
Or the tale is quickly told!

Men of the whole wide land,
That boast your country free,
I called your fathers a little band,
From their homes across the sea.
To stand with me at liberty's birth,
And we gave to you to inherit the earth,
And what have ye done to me?

For thirty pieces of pelf,
Ye have sold me to my foes;
And no man cares for aught but self,
Nor pities his Mother's woes;
And what shall I do but cry, "For shame!"
To them who should guard my sacred fame
From the foul usurper's blows?

Awake, awake, my life!
Put your beautiful garments on!
Awake, for shame, to the glorious strife
Of the glorious dead and gone!
Think not of home or child or wife,—
Hark to the drum and the screaming fife,
For the battle begins at dawn!

FRANKLIN KENT GIFFORD.

## The Future of Orthodox Theology.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon of New York in a recent sermon took the sensational ground that "the orthodox church has lost its hold on the public mind"; "and that men, as a rule, do not go to church, and that women are the people who hold fast to the orthodox organization." This, he claimed, is true both of Protestant and Roman Catholic churches. According to the most recent statistics, he said, 385,000 persons attend the latter church in greater New York; whereas it should have at least 900,000, which indicates a loss of nearly 600,000 communicants in that one great, wicked city. The Rev. Dr. Dixon attributes this enormous fall off in attendance to two reasons: first, the decline in the intellectual status of the clergy, and second, to the fact that when men of brains get into the ministry and begin to think and give expression to their thoughts, they have to get out of the pulpit or stand trial on charges of heresy; and he concludes:

"Old forms have had power, not because they were forms, but because the people believed they had power. The ministry of the future must be of the independent sort, and the new theology will embrace all creeds united under one grand church, the state that shall believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

It is certain that in Western European nations and in the United States the mass of organized laborites have practically ceased to go to church. They leave that duty to their wives and daughters. They themselves appear at church on stated occasions, such as marriages, baptisms, and funerals, and on certain festival days, and not generally even then. They are no longer regular members of any church. In countries like France and Belgium half of the men are non-attendants of divine worship. How the matter stands in the cities of this country any one can ascertain by looking into the Protestant churches on Sunday and then looking into the street-cars, the parks, the pleasure-gardens, the theaters, the baseball-grounds, and the saloons. It will not take long to find out that the attendants in the one case are largely women, and in the other their husbands, sons, and brothers.

Now, why is this absenteeism? The answer in part is not far to seek. It is largely due to the outcome of scientific research. The startling discoveries of science during the last few years have filtrated down gradually from the investigators into the colleges and high schools, where they are taught to or read by the rising generation of young men, and by them spread and disseminated among multitudes of young men, while the same discoveries have reached the great mass of organized wageworkers through the discussions in their lodges and in the columns of the papers and magazines which they patronize. They are informed that the Jewish belief as to the age of the earth is wholly incorrect, and that, instead of being about 5,800 years old, it has been untold thousands of years, if not eons, as the testimony of the rocks show, and that man has lived on the earth many thousands of years before Adam. They have been affected by the Darwinian ideas of evolution and development. They have come to believe that man was not created "a little lower than the angels," and has been gradually degenerating, but that he began at the bottom of the scale and has gradually risen to his present mental development. They have found that some races have risen more rapidly than others; that some, like the Chinese, and Africans, and Indian tribes, have advanced to a certain point and remained stationary, while others, like the Europeans, have made enormous advancement.

Because of the widespread promulgation of those scientific views, the organized wageworkers have also lost the faith they once had in the so-called Mosaic account of the origin of man and his fall, on account of Adam and Eve's eating of the tree of good and evil. The higher criticism has told them that Moses did not write this account, but that it is an ancient Chaldean belief, accepted by the Israelites when they came in contact with the Chaldeans.

Being therefore in doubt about the origin of the human race, they have come to disbelieve in the existence of a hell prepared for the punishment and torture of the human race because of Adam and Eve, whose existence is in dispute, committing a sin 5,800 years ago, when there were savage races on the earth perhaps 100,000 years ago. They are all the more disinclined to believe in this alleged place of eternal torture for faults that they are not responsible for, because they don't hear it but rarely preached in the city pulpits any more. They find that this old hades doctrine is now quite generally avoided or slurred over by the clergy. So from doubting the "fall of man" in the Garden of Eden, it is but a step to doubt the incarnate atonement; for if there were no fall of man, then there is no need of an incarnate atonement.

For these and various other reasons, millions of trades-union wage-earners in this country and Europe are not taking a lively interest in church matters. They leave the church to their wives. This is peculiarly true in large cities, but in the rural communities the old orthodox doctrine is believed, except here and there, where some young, educated man of influence has promulgated the Darwin evolution doctrine and the remarkable discoveries of science, and applied the methods of the higher criticism to explaining the sacred Scriptures.

In view of these facts, what are men like the Rev. Dixon to do? It is impossible to stifle these new ideas of science. The church cannot and the State will not prevent their promulgation in books and magazines. It is no longer possible to rear a generation in religious ignorance of the teachings of science. The revelations of astronomy, chemistry, geology, biology, medicine, surgery, and other sciences have opened up avenues of thought which cannot be closed or ignored. The churches must adapt their creeds to the truths disclosed by science, which will give them an opportunity to preach more about Christ's beautiful inculcations of honesty, right, morality, and charity, and our duty to our fellow men, and to urge men to do unto others as they wish to have done to themselves, without fear of eternal hell-fire. Science has left plenty of room for the churches to do a mighty work for humanity and leading reformed lives.—*Editorial from the Chicago Tribune.*

## Professor Cope's Legacy.

His legacy is a great one; but it will not be so readily appreciated as if it had been less sincere. He has not left a single volume that is a complete treatise; but each one is a group of monographs correlated and pointing forward to a work still to be done. It now remains for some one to gather up the work of Cope and others, and reconstruct the philosophy of science, to show that not only is materialism a half-statement, but that it is the least vital and important half—that the universe is in fact primarily and fundamentally intelligent and purposeful. What was necessary to be seen was that the universe was not a dead blankness until a supernatural power said "Let there be life"; but that life always was and always must be—that it is the one necessary fact of eternity. Paul foreshadowed this philosophy when he said, "For there is one God; over all, through all, and interpenetrating all." Spencer's "Unknowable" is this God half revealed—for of all things most knowable, must be the "Him in whom we live and move and have our being."

Cope has done us the great service of establishing the monistic conception of the universe. Darwin never went back of life on this globe. It was his purpose, he said, assuming life, to trace the methods whereby life became differenced into species. Evo-

lution now goes back to inquire of life everywhere—of life eternal,—and there is no longer a sharp distinction between science and theology. It certainly is no longer wise or necessary for the church to insist on basing its theology on ancient science and old formulations. It is quite safe to welcome modern investigation, and rely upon the verified facts revealed to-day as a foundation for a theology of overwhelming power. I should not say Cope was a second Darwin, but nearer to Huxley, yet without a touch of Huxley's pessimism.

I never saw a man with more child-like enthusiasm than Cope. He would hunt specimens with the joy of a boy. Wandering with him in a glen near my house, he filled his pockets with salamanders, then threw away his cigars, and filled his cigar-case—chattering incessantly. Nature was an open book to him, if it ever was to any man. But the analytic, investigating power of the man was not the great wonder, but that with this he could hold such a grasp of synthesis. I read his "Catagenesis" five times through before being able to grasp its purport in full.—*E. P. Powell, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

## "As Unto the Lord."

She was only a poor, plain, freckled woman, whose clothes were of the fashion her mother might have worn, yet day by day as she busily plied her iron, many an humble neighbor would stop by her door to listen to the quaint old hymns she sang so vigorously.

"My good woman," said Mrs. G——, who had called to engage her services, "how can you stand all day in this hot room, always ironing, and yet singing so cheerily?"

"Ah, my dear lady," she replied, "the Lord has given me this work to do; so when I'm tired and out of sorts I say to myself that verse about doing things heartily, as unto the Lord, and try to think how I'd feel if I could see Him standing by my side, and He knew I had an unwilling heart for His tasks. Then I sing my brightest hymns, and while my iron smooths out the wrinkles in the clothes, I'm planning how to smooth out the rough places in my neighbors' lives.

"There's poor Granny Jones, left alone all day. She's crippled with rheumatics, and nearly blind too. When I sing it cheers her up a bit, and she feels as if some one cared for her.

"Little Tommy Green, in the room above me, has a weakness in his back, and lies on his cot-bed from morning till night. His mother works in a factory and does n't come home till dark. When he's lonely and sick with the pain, he pounds on the floor with a stick, and I sing the hymns he likes best, and he lies quiet and hums them over to himself till he falls asleep. Then, once in a while I slip up with a cup of water and bits of picture-papers that come wrapped round the clothes, and give him a pleasant word. Ah, ma'am, the Lord's so good to me I must try to help them that have few blessings!"

And this thankful woman lived in a little hot room, spending her whole life ironing and smoothing out wrinkles for others. What shall we render unto the Lord for all his mercies to us?—*Christian Life.*

A tender fancy of a girlish heart,
A longing hope of sought-for strength and peace—
A new-born light that bid old fears depart—
A rest that made old sorrows faint and cease.

All these, sweet love, thy coming promised me,
All tenderness and joy and strength and rest;
Yet now that thou art come, I find to thee
I've given all I asked—and this is best.

—G. V.

# The Word of the Spirit.

*"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid.*

## The Larger Meaning of Colonial Life.

An address delivered before the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Illinois, April 19, 1897.

The life of a colonist has a large place in our thoughts, because it is within the memory of living men that Illinois has been effectively settled by civilized people, and because within only a few generations every portion of the land of our republic has been an inhospitable wilderness. Our history is the history of colonists. It is the story of strong-hearted men and women who have deliberately turned their backs on the comforts, the luxuries, and the refinements of a settled and orderly society, and have gone far into a wild land and there made a new home. They have exchanged security for danger, comfort for privation, civilization for the rude surroundings of the forest. The log cabin in our day is the symbol of a squalid existence—that of the Southern negro or of the "poor white" of the mountains. The log cabin of one or two generations back was the shelter often of the noblest and daintiest and sweetest of a strong but fine civilization. It was not only the boyhood home of Andrew Jackson and of Abraham Lincoln, but was the shelter of Henry Clay and of Captain Ulysses Grant.

Jackson carried with him the ruggedness of a log-cabin environment to the day when he laid down the Presidency. He was always and everywhere a pioneer Indian-fighter, assailing Cherokees in the Alabama forests, and British regulars at New Orleans, and Harry Clay Whigs in Washington, with the same brutal fearlessness and exuberant pugnacity. To him they were all one. They were enemies of his country, and therefore his enemies; they were enemies of his, and therefore enemies of his country; the two ideas to him were the same. An obstacle of any sort, or an enemy, never daunted him; it only enraged him. A difficulty he never for a moment dreamed of getting around. His only thought was to go right at it and smash it,—and smash it he usually did, sooner or later. It was in this way that by a series of direct hammer-blows he crushed the hostile Indians in 1814—that he shattered the proud array of Wellington's veterans at New Orleans. Thus, when, later, he found outlaws harbored in Spanish Florida, he instantly invaded that territory, though we were at peace with Spain, and broke up the robber strongholds. In apparent complicity with the robbers he found two Englishmen, and he promptly hanged them, though we were at peace with England. International law was a cobweb with which he had small patience. In like manner in politics he struck straight at his enemies, whether they were that greatest corporation of the day, the United States Bank, whether they were South Carolina nullifiers, or whether they were merely harmless Whig postmasters. Once in his Presidency an assassin attempted to shoot him. It did not for a moment occur to Jackson to avoid the pistol. He merely rushed at his assailant and attacked him with an umbrella. Direct, fearless, fierce, rough, and yet in the presence of ladies always with a certain superb courtesy and leonine dignity, such was this Tennessee pioneer—this colonist of the Northwestern wilderness. He was a typical product of the log cabin and the forest, whom the turn of fate gave large power over the development of our national destiny.

Abraham Lincoln, too, was a child of the log cabin and the frontier. His early years were among the rude and hard surroundings of the life of a colonist on the Illinois prairies. His great nature always kept somewhat of the outward form which the frontier gave it. But it was a great nature. So universal were his sympathies, so profound was his insight into the deepest springs of human motive, so abysmal his own depths of character, so infinite the fertility of his intellectual adaptation, that it was impossible for him to be merely local or provincial. He was not of Illinois or of the West; he belonged to the whole nation. He expanded with every opportunity; his powers had silently ripened to cope with every need and with every duty. So simple was he in his greatness, and so great in his sim-

plicity, that his own generation did not always comprehend him. As the traveler stands in the vale of Chamouni, the white peaks of the Mont Blanc range rise in a confused mass above him, and he can hardly tell which is the giant. But the diligence for Geneva carries him down, down the valley of the Arve; he looks back from a distance of many miles, and the pygmies have vanished. The great mountain looms, pure white, majestic, in the blue sky. And so, as the years pass on, we see more and more clearly that among the heroes and statesmen of those days of national storm and stress, the one who towers above all others is the great-hearted, simple man of the frontiers, the typical modern American, Abraham Lincoln.

Let Lowell speak:

"Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
* * * * * * *
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, farseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Henry Clay, too, was a son of the border, as was Ulysses Grant; both breathing in their youth the freshness of a virgin soil; both heartened by the colonists' strife with the reluctant forces of nature; each bringing his mellowed strength to the service of our older civilization. Clay's power was the joyous vigor of early triumph; Grant's was the chastened patience of failure and of heart-sickness. The Kentuckian coined his sunshine of life into abundant riches of golden speech. The soldier was silent; but when need came, he acted with the sudden and remorseless energy of an avalanche. The one was the consummate flower of winsome and compelling oratory; the other was the very genius of silence transmuted into resistless force.

But there was another type of the emigrant who colonized the wilderness. There came from the long-settled East many with the power which the new life needed, and at the same time with the fineness of the old. There was the Yale colony, who founded one Illinois town. There were graduates of Harvard, and Dartmouth, and Princeton, who became sharers of the rough life on the borders. There were maids and matrons of rare breeding transplanted to the clearings and the prairie, who blossomed in that rude environment like the wild rose and the honeysuckle. Fineness and sweetness of life are not always from without. One's days may be passed in the rough warfare of man with material nature, and yet the graces which are innate, may shoot and flower until the hard commonplaces of existence are made beautiful, like the woodsman's cabin overrun with vines and climbing-roses. So in the early days of our new states there is many a figure of a stately lady whose home was a loghouse, and whose garments were plain, but who reared her sons to be gentlemen, and her daughters to be gentlewomen. There was some of the best blood of New England in the new West—just as there was some of the choicest blood of Old England in the New.

There is not one of our states, then, which has not been a colony at no long time in the past. Our whole nation has been made by the virile energy of colonization. What Illinois has been in the present century, that Massachusetts was only two centuries ago. There came pioneers from old England,—men who dared, and women who endured. They cleared the forest, and built log cabins, and planted the fallow fields, and fought with the red men, just as did their children in Ohio less than two hundred years after. They, too, were many of them people of rare culture. George Bancroft writes of the company who came to Massachusetts in 1630: "About seven hundred persons or more—most of them Puritans, inclining to the principles of the Independents; * * * many of them men of high endowments and large fortune; scholars, well versed in the learning of the times; clergymen, who ranked among the best educated and most pious in the realm—embarked with Winthrop in eleven ships, bearing with them the charter which was to be the warrant of their liberties."

These, be it seen, were no mere peasants, accustomed to life in a hovel. They were of the best and purest culture of Puritan England, not fanatics, many of them delicately nurtured. The simple life of pioneers was full of hardships for them. But they ennobled their rude homes by their lofty ideals. Theirs was was in very deed a case of "plain living and high thinking." And the spirit of these English gentlemen from Cambridge University has gone out through all the generations of their descendants. It was they who reared a new Cambridge in the forests of Massachusetts. It was their children who carried the church and the college with them into the woods of western New York and Ohio, into the oak openings of Michigan, on the solitary prairies of Illinois. They had strong arms and stout hands and active brains. They were no peasants.

But, now, what does all this pioneer life mean? It it merely the resolute courage of those who undergo hardship that in the end they may better their material case? Is it merely the never-dying land-hunger of our Aryan race? Is it the sordid greed of fur-traders and of delvers after gold and iron and coal? Is it the sublime heroism of those who sought spiritual and political liberty at cost of all bodily ease?

It means all these, no doubt. But it also means much more. The life of settlers in a new land, which so saturates the brief history of our new republic, is no accidental episode. It is part of a great world movement.

The dominating thought of the last four centuries has been *the mastery of the world by European civilization.*

It was about the middle of the century at whose close Columbus found the West India Islands, that the Turks succeeded in conquering the last remnant of the Eastern Roman Empire—the imperial city of Constantinople. And at that time it was an open question whether the world should be Christian or Mohammedan. The civilization of Europe was a little island in an ocean of barbaric and hostile forces. Mohammedanism stood, not for a mere difference of creed, but for a reactionary and destructive form of social organization. A series of barbarous and dimly-known nations ruled Asia. Africa was a blank. West over the Atlantic waters was darkness—darkness no denser than the new dark ages which would have followed a Turkish inundation over Christendom. The hope of our modern civilized life lay in the slender resources of Western Europe; and, in fact, those resources showed a virility and fertility of energy which in these four centuries have transformed the world.

On all sides the Christian nations reached for an outlet. The route to India around the Cape of Good Hope was found, and proved a road to riches such as had not been dreamed. America was discovered, and its wilderness of wealth was exploited by Spaniard and Frenchman and Englishman. The knowledge and enterprise of Europe were very largely turned to developing the resources of the lands over the sea. The surplus and uneasy population of the Old World flowed to the New, there to create homes and populous states, while the new wealth expanded European commerce, stimulated European manufactures, vitalized and enriched nearly every European nation. The silks and tea and spices of the Orient, the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru, the sugar of the West Indies, the furs of the North American forests, were the staples of a trade which surpassed the fables of antiquity. Maritime discovery proved a very Midas, whose touch turned everything to gold. Reinvigorated by this new wealth and by these new opportunities, the Western nations waxed mighty in population and in power.

The England of Queen Elizabeth and of King Shakspere was a little island state of somewhat less than five million souls. The English-speaking races to-day rule a large fraction of the earth's surface, comprise over a hundred millions, and rule perhaps three hundred millions more. America, from the frozen north to Cape Horn, is under the flag of civilized European nations. The barbarous Turk has lost two thirds of his European conquests, and the day cannot be far distant

when he will be thrust ignominiously from the remainder. Russia holds nearly a half of Asia under order and law; Britain and France have done away with anarchy in a moiety of the remainder. Japan, the half-fabled "Cipango" of Marco Polo and Columbus, has itself been mastered by European ideas, and is now fully admitted to the family of nations. Australia, a century ago an unknown waste, now abounds with modern cities, and teems with modern industrial and political life. The innumerable islands of the Pacific, only yesterday the home of cannibal savages, to-day are under European flags and are subject to European government. Fiji, whose name is the very symbol of pure barbarism, is a flourishing English colony, with schools and churches and daily newspapers. Hawaii, where Captain Cook was slain, and where the missionaries of the last generation went with their lives in their hands, is now ambitious to be admitted to our American republic. Last and greatest triumph of the mastery of civilization, the dark continent, Africa, is now nearly quite parceled among the powers, and a tide of European immigrants are rapidly building towns and railroads and telegraphs and homes. It takes one's breath away to read of steamboats making regular trips on the Upper Congo and the great African lakes; of a railroad building across the Sahara; of another from the east coast to Victoria Nyanza; of a telegraph line extending from Cape Colony far into the interior; of speculation in town lots near the waters of the Zambesi! Our fathers would as soon have thought of dealing in town lots in the moon.

Now, conquests so sweeping and fertile are indicative of a strong race. Other races, like Attila's Huns, have conquered, but they have merely destroyed. In their track they left desolation. It was Attila's boast that the grass did not grow where the hoof of his warhorse had trod. But the really great races—the races to whom the world to-day belongs—have not only mastered, they have created. The Turks swept over Asia Minor and northern Africa with victorious sword, and those lands, once the fairest and most blooming on the Mediterranean border, were blighted as with the breath of a Sirocco. Industry withered at the roots. Civilization vanished. The Turks found a garden. They have dwelt there since,—in a desert.

England, a few years since, conquered Egypt, and holds it with the strong hand. The rule of England on the Nile has meant civil order and justice. The fellaheen gather their crops in peace. Material prosperity has followed in the track of orderly government. An increasing population, growing wealth, security of life and property,—in short, all that we mean by civilization,—have taken the place of that oriental anarchy, which, in the East, is miscalled government.

The colonizing races conquer opposition, whether from man or nature, and then they create and multiply all that makes life beautiful as well as strong. Many races are masterful. The colonizing races are creative as well.

The victory is long since won. The earth belongs to civilization. The barbaric forces of the East are overpowered. Uncivilized races are subjected, and their land is put to the uses of advanced social organisms. The inherent energies of the Aryan race, no longer hemmed in to a narrow corner of Europe, have overflowed the world, and in developing its crude resources have multiplied civilization a thousand-fold. Its pioneers and colonists are the soldiers who have won this transcendent victory. Columbus, with anxious days in his tiny shallops; Da Gama and Magellan, sailing unknown worlds of watery waste in their search for the antipodes; cruel Spaniard in Mexico, and Peru; Livingstone and Stanley in the heart of Africa; Clive carrying the English flag to bloody supremacy in India; Pilgrims and Puritans living a rugged life in New England; the hardy pioneers who have created Michigan and Illinois; all these together, each in his place and in his way, have been doing one work and the same work in the world.

So the larger meaning of colonial life is world-wide and broadens through the ages. That meaning will not be complete until the full task is achieved, and that will be only when every acre of the habitable globe is the abode of civilized man, living that full life of which humanity is capable, under the sway of law which is universal order. With such final conquest of civilization, and not till then, may we expect that quintessence of barbarism, international wars, of which the papers are so full now, to be impossible. Impossible, not because the golden age has come and human nature has lost its pugnacity and its vindictiveness, but because the disasters of war will be so tremendous that no nation will dare incur them, and that the banded nations will not permit them.

Then let us do honor to our colonists — to those who have created this imperial colonial republic. They, with their resolute courage and their tireless patience, have been toiling at a task whose full significance lay beyond their horizon. We can see its meaning looming large in the to-morrow of our race. And we are untrue to their heroic example if we do not our share towards the world-wide mastery of law and humanity over brutishness.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

## Need a Traveler Drink Wine?

There is a widespread impression that it is not safe to travel in Europe, and especially in Oriental lands, without discarding mainly or wholly the use of water for drinking purposes, and substituting in its place wine, beer, or some form of liquor. Is this impression well founded? The question is one of much importance to the traveling public.

Having recently returned from a year of somewhat extended travel, in which I have done some experimenting, and a good deal of observing, with a view to finding out the truth in this matter, it may not be without service to some if I state briefly the results of my experience and observation.

My journeyings took me through Great Britain, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Palestine, and parts of Syria, Egypt, and India. In most of these lands, especially the ones last named, I traveled extensively, devoting to Palestine, Egypt, and India nearly six months.

That the use of liquor does not help one to endure changes or extremes of climate, I already knew.

Greely, Nansen, and others have assured us that no one stands the cold of the polar regions so well as the total abstainer. Stanley, Livingstone, and other African explorers have informed us that men who make no use of intoxicants best endure the extreme heat of the tropics. We have overwhelming testimony to the effect that the habitual use of liquor, even in moderate quantities, robs the user of power to endure heat, cold, exposure, or changes of temperature and of atmospheric conditions.

But regarding another matter I was not sure. The traveler must drink. What shall he drink?

I had been repeatedly warned not to trust the water of any land beyond England. On the Continent I would find some good water, but much poor; the only safe thing, therefore, would be to refrain from its use altogether, and in its place drink the wines of the countries I passed through. Beyond Europe I would find very little good water, and never any that I could be sure of; so that in those lands one simply *must* resort to the use of wines and liquors,—there was no alternative.

How did I find it?

I believe I entered upon my travels with an entirely open mind. At home I am a total abstainer, because I have become convinced that total abstinence is the safest and best thing. But in other places and under very different circumstances, the necessities of the case might be different. I would simply be governed by circumstances. I would begin my journey as an abstainer, and not change my practice until there seemed to be reason for so doing. It would be time enough when the need appeared.

Thus I set out. Everywhere I kept my eyes open. As I usually stayed a considerable time in each place visited, it was not difficult to inform myself as to the source of the water-supply, the quality of the water, and the general health conditions of the place.

What did I find? Of course in England there was no occasion to take to the use of wine or beer for fear of the water, for every one agrees that the water-supply of England generally is quite as pure and safe as our own. The pressure to make the change really began when I reached the Continent.

Here nearly everybody took wine or some other kind of intoxicant, or semi-intoxicant. Should I follow the general custom? Yes, if health conditions required; not otherwise. I confess to some surprise in finding that continental cities, as a rule, are supplied with quite as good water as English cities, and certainly as good as American cities. So I found no occasion to avoid the water of Germany, France, or Switzerland.

Going to Italy, I had more fear. But it was soon in a measure allayed. I found that every Italian city of importance had its water-supply carefully guarded, and usually brought from some far-away, clear, bright lake, or mountain-born stream. Why then should I have apprehensions as to its safety?

In Greece the situation is essentially the same as in Italy. In Athens and the larger towns there seems to be no good ground for avoiding the water.

When I reached Egypt I found reasons for much increased caution, partly because there was some cholera in the land. Yet in most of the places to which the traveler is likely to go, even in Egypt, the water is good. The Nile, from which Egypt gets its water for all purposes, is one of the purest and most wholesome sources of water-supply in the world. What danger there is comes from local pollution. Water taken from close to the shore of the Nile as it flows past a village or city may not be pure. And, of course, water taken from any of the canals is to be distrusted. So that one should be on his guard. On the long trip up the Nile by boat, however, one may feel absolutely at ease. During the two weeks that I was on the river, drawing our water-supply as we did directly from the great stream, and generally far out from the shore, I felt confident that there was no danger, even in a cholera season. We were drinking water which was probably as pure as any to be found at home.

It was in Palestine that I found most difficulty, though even here the difficulty was less than I had been led to expect. There was need of constant care; but with care we were able to obtain good water in abundance nearly everywhere.

I had much apprehension regarding the water of India. But here too I found things better than I expected. The water-supply of nearly all the Indian cities of any considerable size and importance is excellent. The British government, which is in control of the country, has attended to this matter. So that it is only in the smaller towns and the places remote from British settlements that the traveler need have any fear. There he must be on his guard.

What then did I find it necessary to do to make sure that my health should not suffer? Discard the use of water as a drink? In only a few places. Generally I could drink the water as freely as at home. Where I found any cause at all for distrust, my rule was to use the water only after it had been boiled. That is to say, I made my drink, in such places, usually, either tea, or coffee, or hot water, which I seldom had any difficulty in obtaining.

Throughout Egypt, Palestine, and India one can get oranges of the finest quality in great abundance. I ate these freely everywhere; and the juice of these did much to supply the place of drink. For emergencies I generally carried with me half a dozen bottles of soda-water, or of mineral-water of some well-known brand. Bottled waters are easily obtainable in all Oriental cities of importance.

Thus, though I always kept myself ready to resort to wine or beer, or some other liquor, if there seemed to be any real need for it, the need never came. I passed through my year of travel—one half of it in India, Egypt, and Palestine—without tasting a drop of liquor, or finding myself in any place where, in my best judgment, there was the slightest necessity for so doing.

The same was true with my wife. She made the same journeys that I did, except that she did not go to India. And she found no more use for liquor than I.

In our travels in Italy and Greece and other countries of Europe we were accompanied also by our son and two daughters. And no one of them tasted any kind of liquor during their journeyings. What was the result? Were we ill? Did we find ourselves with digestion impaired from time to time by bad water, or by changes of water? Did we endure our journeys less well, or were we sick oftener, than our fellow travelers who discarded water and used alcoholic drinks? or who, when they did use water, mixed more or less of liquor with it to make it "safe," as they said? The answer is very easy to give. We went through all our travels without a day's serious illness on the part of any of us. I went through mine, including my three months in India, without the loss of a meal, or any disturbance of digestion requiring even the slightest medicine. On the other hand, our traveling companions who made free use of liquors were almost constantly complaining, and in a number of cases were seriously ill.

In our trip on horseback through Palestine, where the strain was most severe, and our water-supply the poorest, the three or four total abstainers in our party of nineteen got along far better than the others. Of those who took a little wine or whisky or brandy each day or each meal to keep them well or to make the water safe, nearly every one was attacked with a persistent, and in a number of cases a severe, bowel trouble. Of the abstainers, only one was troubled at all, and that one only very slightly.

Another Palestine party of which I learned had a similar experience to our own, only still more marked. Before starting on the "long route," from Jerusalem to Damascus, about three quarters of the party allowed themselves to be persuaded to lay in a stock of wine for the journey. The rest determined to stick to their total abstinence principles. What was the result? The abstainers went through without difficulty, while every one of the wine-drinkers was sick on the way, and two or three of them broke down entirely, and had to go back to Jerusalem. One of the party said: "They talk about the water being different in different places. I tell you the wine is much more different than the water;" and after a thorough trial of drinking wine instead of water, he smashed his bottles in disgust, and then was able to keep well, as he had not been before.

This, then, is what I learned from my experience and observation in the Orient—that in most places to which a traveler is likely to go he can drink the water with perfect security; that in doubtful places his best recourse will be to tea, coffee, or boiled water in some form; or, if the doubt is serious, then he had better rely upon bottled waters obtained at the apothecaries' or government supply-stores; but that the most unsafe thing he can drink in any land will be any kind of intoxicating liquors.

Does any one ask me why there is so widespread misunderstanding regarding this matter, and why so many travelers in those lands discard water, and use wine, beer, and other intoxicants? The reasons are not hard to discover. They are, first, ignorance; second, the natural willingness with which men who are fond of alcoholic drinks accept theories, without taking trouble to verify them, which justify the indulgence of their appetites; and third, the activity of the wine and liquor venders, who industriously circulate reports of the non-safety of the water to help their own traffic, and the hotelkeepers, who all have long wine lists, and rely upon their wine sales for their largest profits.

I became particularly convinced of the evil of liquor-drinking in India. The foe to the European in India, before which he is far more likely to go down than before any other, is strong drink. This was told me by physicians and long-time Indian residents in all parts. The English in India used to believe that they must use alcoholic stimulants in order to endure the climate. So strong was this sentiment at one time that the military authorities prohibited the formation of temperance societies among the English soldiers. But all this is now changed. Long trial has shown that those English soldiers and officers who make no use of liquor are much less in hospital, endure fatigues and exposures much better, and are in every way less liable to disease than those who drink even very moderately, besides recovering from disease and wounds with more rapidity and certainty. Now, therefore, the military authorities encourage the formation of temperance societies, and there are to-day in India no fewer than twenty thousand English soldiers who are total abstainers.

An English medical officer of prominence connected with the army, whose acquaintance I formed in Bombay, who for thirty years had had the medical supervision of large districts in different parts of India, was particularly emphatic on this subject. Though he himself drank, because early in life he had formed the habit, and could not break himself of it, he nevertheless did not hesitate to say in the strongest terms that his long and wide experience all pointed one way,—it all went to show that Englishmen or other Europeans coming to India for a long stay or a short, for residence or travel, were by far the safest to make no use of intoxicating drinks.

When once we get the evidence bearing on the subject, the truth seems to be, that there is no land to which the ordinary traveler ever goes in which it is not easy to get water that is safer than any liquor. The one thing to be avoided by the traveler, especially in oriental and tropical lands, is intoxicants.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

# The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.*

## Helps to Higher Living.

SUN.—Man is accommodated to life, not absolutely given to it.
MON.—Slander will not stick on honesty.
TUES.—He who rules his anger subdues his greatest enemy.
WED.—A good action, though it may be suppressed, cannot be extinguished.
THURS.—A truly benevolent man will know why he gives.
FRI.—He serves one most effectually, who knows how to choose a proper opportunity.
SAT.—Happy is the man who dies before he wishes for death.
—*Publius Syrus.*

## By and By.

Lads with manly heart and true,
Sturdy hands to aid you through,
High and bold endeavor,
Shun the street of By and By,
Go not near, I'll tell you why—
That 's the road to Never.

Down the street of By and By,
He that stands to gaze will spy
Many a dreary token;
Ruined wall where grass has grown,
Wains of treasure overthrown,
Houses wrecked and broken.

Turn not down its winding track;
Whoso enters, comes not back—
Ah, the woe, the pity!
Forward, lads with earnest brow,
Tread the busy street of Now,
On to Fortune City.
—*Ruth Ward Kahn, in Helpful Thoughts.*

## A True Story of a Toy Balloon.

"There 's a balloon-man going by!"

Sure enough there was. Ted and Tony rushed to the front door to see the balloons.

"Blue ones and red ones."

"Just like a great bunch of grapes."

"See 'em bob in the wind!"

"O, O!"

Two pairs of boy-eyes gazed in an agony of longing at the balloons. Uncle Mark was sitting on the porch. He now got up and came towards the boys.

"When I was a small boy I liked toy balloons."

"I guess all boys do," said Ted modestly.

"Which color do you want?" he asked, taking some change from his pocket.

"Red," said Ted.

"Red," said Tony.

"Two red, then," said Uncle Mark to the man.

"O no," said Ted, "we don't want both red. They 'd get mixed up."

"But I want red," persisted Tony.

"Well," said Ted, a little unwillingly, "then I'll take blue."

The man loosened from his bunch the strings belonging to a red and a blue balloon.

"Ketch hold keerful, now," he continued, "or they 'll get away from ye."

"Let me," said Ted

"No—let me," said Tony.

Two small hands were stretched out together to take the strings. And whose fault it was—whether of either or both, or the balloon-man's, can never be told—the string of the red balloon slipped away.

"Hold on!" cried Ted.

"Catch it!" screamed Tony.

But the balloon sailed away until it stopped against the branches of a tall tree, with the string hanging down. Uncle Mark tried to seize it, but it was just beyond his reach.

"I'll go and bring the step-ladder," he said.

On the way back with it he heard loud cries from the boys. He dropped the ladder and ran to them. It was hard to tell whether the cries were of terror or merriment. What had happened?

A dozen or more sparrows had been hopping and chirping about, all busy looking out for stuff with which to build their nests. One pair of the bright little eyes had spied the string hanging from the balloon. A flash of the brown wings—and the balloon was moving away.

"Look! Look!"

"It 's going off with it!"

"You bring that back!"

"Whose balloon is it?" asked Uncle Mark.

"Mine," said Tony, half inclined to cry.

But it was so beyond all measure funny to see that sparrow hauling away that balloon that even Tony could not keep sober. They laughed and screamed and clapped their hands until every one about the place came to look.

He meant business, that bird. They followed him as he flew with the string around the side of the house. There, on a ledge just under the eaves of a gable, they could see that he was building a nest. Watching him, they saw him begin to weave in the string.

"He 's welcome to the string if only he 'd let me have my balloon," whimpered Tony.

"I would n't mind a bit, if it was mine," said Ted. "It 's so comical to see it bobbing in the wind while that little rascal works away."

"I don't mind," said Tony. "*You* never had a balloon built into a bird's nest."

An hour later the string was much shorter. Before night the balloon was bound down to within a foot or two of the nest. And there it stayed for weeks, probably to the envy of all other sparrows. At last, in a windstorm, it burst, and for the remainder of the summer a little dab of red hung down from the nest, which was the last of Tony's balloon.—*Sydney Dayre, in The Outlook.*

## Musical Recitation.

Although the Quakers, as a sect, do not favor music, regarding it as a profitless amusement indulged in by the world's people, there are occasionally stories told which show that the love of music sometimes steals its way into a Quaker household in spite of discipline.

George Thompson, the famous English abolitionist, while lecturing on the abolition of slavery in the British provinces, stopped one night with a Quaker family. He was a great lover of music, and at that time was a good singer.

During the evening he sang "Oft in the Stilly Night," which was listened to with the closest attention.

In the morning his Quaker hostess appeared somewhat uneasy; she wished to hear the song again, but it would hardly do, she thought, for her to request its repetition. At last, however, her desire overcame her scruples.

"George," she said, with a faint pink color in her soft cheeks, "will thee repeat the words of last evening, *in thy usual manner*?"

# The Study Table.

## Travels in West Africa.*

This is a new and cheaper edition of a book which, at $8, sold so largely that the publishers are much to be commended for reducing the price one half for those who are contented with a book every way admirable, though not magnificent, in its make. The Englishwoman has from time to time discovered a remarkable faculty for knocking about in out-of-the-way corners of the world. Miss Bird was a notable example, but her adventures were extremely commonplace compared with those of Miss Kingsley, who is, we understand, a niece of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. There were times when it was an open question whether she would eat or be eaten, but the savages were wise who did not make a dish of her, seeing that, had they done so, they would have lost one of their most sympathetic interpreters to the civilized world. What she set out for was "to go puddling about obscure districts in West Africa after raw fetish and fresh water fishes." She had great success in both particulars, and has had an equal success in presenting her discoveries on these lines, with much matter extraneous to them, but not less interesting on that account, in a book thoroughly enjoyable. Yet not for all; the purist in English will object to her newspaper style, and some of her verbal forms will be as shocking to him as any of the savage customs she describes. Then, too, her point of view often varies considerably from that of the Christian missionary, and approximates to that of Robert Louis Stevenson. Those of us who have put our faith in Tylor's "Primitive Culture," and Westermarck's "History of Marriage," will be glad to read her absolute approval of those books. Not least of her attractions is her contagious jollity. Some of her readers will wonder, no doubt, how she could enjoy such rude encounters, but to be relieved from the straight-jacket habitually worn by people moving in "the best society" in England must be an unspeakable good, and every good thing has its price.

J. W. C.

## The Choir Invisible.†

This is a much stronger story than any which Mr. Allen has written heretofore. It is perhaps all the better for being a former story,—"John Gray" made over to satisfy a more exigent ideal. It is not, however, first-rate work. Mr. Allen has yet much to learn before he comes to that. There are unmistakable crudities, with here and there a false note like that in the "Kentucky Cardinal," where the bird of that bright name was thrown out on the ash-heap, when it should have been buried with all the honors of love. Fortunately, there was no call for a preface here, as in the "Summer in Arcady," to give the book a moral twist not obvious in the book itself. The story is intrinsically noble, and reading it, we breathe a pure and bracing air. The heroine is a creation of unmistakable beauty. The hero does not always ring exactly true. Mr. Allen is possessed with the sense of the new life that was throbbing in Kentucky a century ago. He is not always successful in giving literary expression to that sense. He overworks his hero's consciousness, crowding his page with such details as he would have been much less likely to observe and moralize upon then and there, than Mr. Allen here and now. It is a common fault of our story-writers to set their characters to doing things which they can do much better themselves. But nothing of defect must in this case be permitted to negative our impression of a book entirely noble, sweet, and sane.

J. W. C.

## Genesis of the Social Conscience.*

This book is a novelty. It is an interesting experiment. It is worth writing, and therefore worth the reading. Professor Nash undertakes to demonstrate the moral thread in history. He follows this moral line alone. It is in order to show the rise and growth of the social conscience. The book is an antidote to a deal of rubbish like "Kidd's Social Evolution." The points to be made are admirably laid down at the start: (1) The individual first appears in history in the Mediterranean world. (2) With the establishment of Christianity the world gained a conception of the universe that could furnish a definition of man that reached down through the lowest stratum of society. (3) The monotheistic idea of God unifies and co-ordinates the spiritual good of the race. (4) The unity of God involves the moral unity of all classes of men. (5) The unity of God entails a view of the world which puts it in the service of God. In lower religions the gods are in the service of men. (6) Christianity establishes the *ought* to be ahead of the *is*, laying down laws that create the problem of each age to attain. (7) The idea of personality dawns on the Western mind. There is good in each man, and better than his best achievement. (8) This involves freedom. (9) The climate of the period which established Christianity was transcendence. (10) The sense of sin became part of common conscienceness. It is a leveler and equalizer, the moral foe of aristocracy. (11) The idea of the kingdom of God began to be worked into the life of the Occident. (12) And so the idea of humanity rose full and clear above the horizon. (13) Along with the idea of the kingdom of God arose a clearer idea of duty. (14) All this involved a revolution in human values. (15) In a word, the establishment of Christianity in Europe created a reformers' conscience, made the world seem plastic to it, and gave to sociology that elemental man of whom Rousseau preached, Burns and Wordsworth sang, and for whose sake Kant did his deepest thinking.

This surely is a programme both original and deep-meaning. It sets Jesus Christ at the head of the same scheme of which Rousseau and Robert Burns are later representatives. Just how much we should express our dissent from the programme need not be stated; nor need we put down any protest against his Bibliophile position, which is marked throughout the volume. At all events, it will do good to any radical to review his first principles. The style of the book is crisp, and sometimes nearly pert; but it is never dull. For a sample, "In Israel the book of Deuteronomy combines the purposes of the United States Constitution and the Westminster Catechism."

E. P. P.

*Travels in West Africa: Congo Français, Corisco, and Cameroons. By Mary H. Kingsley. With illustrations. Macmillan Co. Royal octavo. Cloth. Pp. xvi, 743. $4.

†By James Lane Allen, author of "Summer in Arcady," "A Kentucky Cardinal," etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1897.

*Genesis of the Social Conscience. By Prof. H. S. Nash. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

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Spring storms first overturn those trees which are not well grounded Don't let these enervating spring days find you poorly prepared to resist them. To have strong nerves, rich blood, good appetite and sound digestion is to be well grounded Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will give all these, because it nourishes the whole system and reaches the very tissues of life Better have the spring cough blow by you rather than stop with you for weeks or all summer long.

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# The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"*

CHICAGO.—The Unitarian Memorial Chapel, within whose walls is being gathered the Hyde Park branch of the First Unitarian Society of Chicago, was quietly dedicated on Sunday afternoon, June 6th. The memorial character of the building (it being erected in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Hull, old and faithful members of the First Church, by their children) made it fitting that the dedication exercises should be wholly conducted by the pastor, Mr. Fenn, and his parishioners, Mr. Effinger and Mr. Park. A week later, last Sunday night, a fellowship meeting celebrated the opening, at which Rev. Mr. Rubinkam, pastor of the Congregational Church in the neighborhood, Dr. Canfield, and Mr. Miller, Universalist neighbors, Mr. Bulkeley of Unity Church, Mrs. Woolley of the Independent Society, and the editor of this paper took part. It was indeed a fellowship meeting, at which each of the speakers recognized the common ties and the fundamental inspirations that knit all churches together. The chapel, which is situated on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Woodlawn Avenue, on the very borders of the campus of the Chicago University, is a very interesting study in Gothic architecture, highly elaborated, delicately and beautifully wrought out in details. The interior walls of brick and stone and beautiful oak present an attractive combination of color, and, to those not too enamored of simplicity, an interesting combination of lines. Mr. Fenn has already begun morning services, which he proposes to continue through the vacation season. It is a new field and offers large possibilities to the church that can minister to the spiritual needs of the community. THE NEW UNITY wishes the venture all success, and trusts that the branch may become a tree. * * *

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Recently there was an interesting reunion at this church of all those who have been associated as workers in the Sunday school from the inception of the movement until the present time. Some sixty people sat down to the supper, and when the roll of the teachers was called it was found that some seventy two different individuals have been engaged more or less in this work. One teacher had served a term of eleven years; others seven, six, and five years. Letters were received from Vermont, Massachusetts, and elsewhere. The occasion was such as to promise its annual recurrence. * * * Miss Amalie Hofer, who has been conducting a choral class at the Helen Heath Settlement, gave last week a concert in the neighborhood hall, in which the choral club of the University Settlement assisted, and others lent a helping hand. It was an occasion that proved that it is possible to be helpful and neighborly and to develop social relations across lines of race and creed, and between Halsted Street and Drexel Boulevard. * * * All Souls Church has lost the services of its efficient treasurer, Marian H. Perkins, but tries to reconcile itself to the loss, in the fact that she has gone to take part in the good work of the State Home for Juvenile Female Offenders at Geneva, Ill. In this work, as well as in the worker, the readers of THE NEW UNITY will have continued interest. Mrs. George E. Wright has been elected to the place vacated by Mrs. Perkins, and the supporters of All Souls Church, present and prospective, are requested to take note of the same. Her address is No. 4259 Grand Boulevard. * * *

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH.—The annual parish meeting was held on Thursday evening, June 9th, when a unanimous vote was recorded to secure the present pastor, Rev. Frederick W. Millar, for another year.

Reports of the work of the Ladies' Aid Society and Sabbath school were on the programme, as well as others which related to special philanthropic work undertaken during the past severe winter—severe in its privations to the poor, though more than usually mild as regards climatic conditions. The latter reports were postponed until the Sunday morning service of June 12th, and were presented after the sermon.

They were in connection with the endeavor of the pastor to establish a social settlement by renting a flat on Cottage Grove Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, where a free dispensary, industrial school for girls, and a work-room for needy women were inaugurated and kept open until April, 1897. Physicians were in attendance at certain hours each day, one a specialist in diseases of the eye and ear. The canvass of the neighborhood for scholars for a Saturday sewing-class resulted in an attendance of nearly one hundred girls, taxing the capacity of the flat and the energies of the young lady teachers to the utmost. It was presided over by Miss Grace Hart. The philanthropy committee of the Woodlawn Woman's Club were kindly offered the use of the rooms for a workroom, by which a few of the mothers whose husbands were amongst the army of the unemployed might secure provisions and clothing for their families in return for sewing. Quantities of clothing were donated by members of all the churches, and delegates from the various ladies' aid societies joined the club committee in the plan by which the poor women whose circumstances were known to the agent of the district Bureau of Charities were given work mending these garments. Groceries were also generously donated, and each woman employed was paid the equivalent of fifty cents in these, clothing being added where it was needed. The rooms were made homelike, and a substantial lunch furnished the workers, who certainly benefited by the quiet atmosphere, kind words and looks, and social companionship, as well as by the material help, which was not charity, but pay for honest work.

Wrappers, boys' pants, and comforters were made by those who were experienced, others being competent to do nothing more difficult than sew carpet-rags, or tear up papers, with which pillows were filled for the hospitals.

The settlement work was reluctantly dropped for the summer, but it is hoped that a way may be opened to renew it during the next season.

OVER THE WATER.—The problem of the weary man is to get away not only from himself and his work, but from his friends sometimes. M. J. Savage of New York and Emil G. Hirsch of Chicago are both victims of overstrain, and they are to seek rest in foreign lands. Members

of the Sinai Temple give to Dr. Hirsch a good-by reception on Friday evening, the 18th. May they, and the many others like them, find what they seek. The pure air, the simple diet, the good water that bursts everywhere from the mountain-sides of Europe will do them good, and may the sea deal gently with them.

FURTHER EDITORIAL WANDERINGS.—Some of the schools of Chicago are falling under a similar inspiration as that we spoke of last week in connection with the St. Paul schools. On Tuesday, the 8th, all the upper grades of the Greenwood Avenue School were gathered in their commodious lecture-hall, forming an audience of six or seven hundred children, while the editor of THE NEW UNITY pled with them to become friends of the birds, admirers of their color, students of their songs, defenders of their rights. . . . The next day he delivered the commencement address of Purdue University, which strengthened the impression that here is one of the three or four greatest technical schools of the country. A class of some one hundred and thirty graduates gave evidence of wisest training on thorough lines. The topics of the various theses prepared but not read by the graduates impressively taught us our vast ignorance. One of the young men expounded an apparatus constructed in the shops to "measure permeability." A young lady gave the result of three months' study of the various yeasts found in the Lafayette market. A third showed with elaborate charts how the city of Lafayette changes the comparatively pure waters of the Wabash into a pestilential stream. Let


## Robert J. Burdette.

**This Noted Humorist and Lecturer Gives Good Advice to His Hearers.**

"Bob" Burdette, in a recent lecture, said that it was not work that killed people. No one ever died from hard work. It was impure foods and bad habits that caused a large per cent of the deaths.

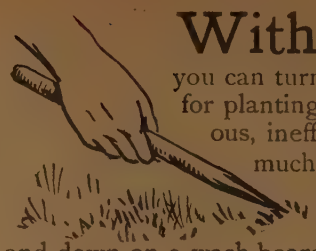
The coffee-drinking habit has slain millions. A well-known physician said a short time ago that he believed it caused more deaths every four years than the late civil war. But few people know of the long train of diseases that follow the constant pouring in of the poisonous alkaloids of coffee into the stomach.

Some time ago a specialist, after a great deal of study, discovered that the mixing of a number of grains and their proper preparation would produce a beverage that had the deep seal-brown color of Mocha coffee and the taste of the milder and more expensive grades of Java; but instead of tearing down the system, it would build it up. He called it Postum Cereal Food Coffee, and started, in a small way, at Battle Creek, Mich. Now it takes two large factories to supply the demand. Physicians who have tried it are recommending this healthful beverage as a cure for nervousness and dyspepsia. It is more economical than coffee, a 25-cent package making more than twice the amount of beverage that the same value of coffee will.

The success of Postum has led imitators to put substitutes on the market. Be sure you get the genuine. Look for the red seals and the trade-mark, "It makes red blood."

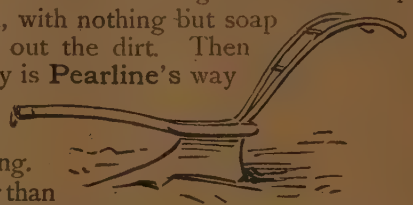
If any one has served Postum to you that is not black and rich as Mocha, they have abused you and hurt us. Boil Postum 15 minutes, and see that enough is in the pot to make a deep, rich, black coffee. Add pure cream, and not skim-milk, and you have a magnificent drink.





# With a sharp stick

you can turn up the dirt and get ground ready for planting—but what a clumsy, slow, laborious, ineffective way of going to work! Not much more so, though, than the old-fashioned way of washing. Think of it! Grinding the clothes up and down on a wash-board, with nothing but soap and main strength to get out the dirt. Then think how simple and easy is **Pearline's** way—soaking, boiling, rinsing. You need **Pearline** for all your washing and cleaning. You need something better than soap or a sharp stick when you're dealing with dirt. 516



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FROM JUNE 1, 1896, to JUNE 1, 1897.—THIRD YEAR.

RECEIPTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Amount in bank June 1, 1896 | | $78 63 |
| LIFE MEMBERSHIPS: | | |
| John C. Haynes, Boston, Mass. (5) | $125 00 | |
| Dr. H. W. Thomas, Chicago | 25 00 | |
| Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill | 25 00 | |
| | | 175 00 |
| ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS: | | |
| Rev. W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y | $5 00 | |
| Rev. Joseph Stolz, Chicago | 10 00 | |
| Mrs. Gertrude H. Woodworth, Chicago | 5 00 | |
| Charles Haas, Chicago | 5 00 | |
| Mrs. Gwynn Garnett, Dartford, Wis | 5 00 | |
| W. S. Hendermann, Chicago | 5 00 | |
| Miss Hannah Parker Kimball, Boston | 5 00 | |
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| All Souls Church, Chicago | $ 68 50 | |
| Brooklyn Ethical Association, Brooklyn, N.Y. | 5 00 | |
| The Temple, Cleveland, O | 25 00 | |
| Free Religious Association, Boston, Mass | 250 00 | |
| Unity Chapel, Hillside, Wis | 10 00 | |
| Church of the Soul, Chicago | 10 00 | |
| | | 368 50 |
| Total receipts | | $1,079 13 |

## EXPENDITURES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Printing | $ 89 08 | |
| Clerk's salary (11 months) | 733 37 | |
| Stamps | 57 68 | |
| Telegrams | 2 12 | |
| Typewriter supplies | 4 00 | |
| Traveling expenses of secretary to Indianapolis, to arrange for annual meeting, 1896 | 8 00 | |
| Commutation fees to Indianapolis (Central Passenger Association) | 11 00 | |
| Traveling and hotel expenses of Indianapolis speakers | 132 00 | |
| Expenses assistant secretary and publication-table at Indianapolis meeting | 34 00 | |
| Total expenditures | | $1,071 25 |
| Balance on hand, June 1, 1897 | | $ 7 88 |

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1897.

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| SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS: | | |
| Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and independent societies | 10 00 | |
| Mrs. Jane F. Barrett, Chicago | 1 00 | |
| Total amount on hand, June 15, 1897 | | $ 45 93 |

the boys and girls who want what they give at the Massachusetts School of Technology and the Cornell Technical School, but cannot afford it, look well to Purdue. . . . By cutting across the corners and two more night rides he was at the graduating exercises of the Hillside Home School on Thursday morning. Four graduates this year, showing that clear thinking and careful training go with the wholesome country air and beautiful farm environment. Parents of city-worn and distracted children would do well to consider the Hillside Home School.

IOWA SCHOOL CHILDREN FOR THE BIRDS.—The Cedar Falls grammar grades, under the leadership of Supt. C. J. Laylander, this year made the closing day the Bird-day. A bird programme was carried out in all the grades, and parents were requested to visit the grades attended by their own children. We give below a sample programme, clipped from a local paper, omitting the names, which would carry no significance to our readers. It shows the delightful possibilities of such an occasion intellectually and educationally, as well as morally. If our public schools befriend them, the birds will eventually be safe from their enemies, even from the grimmest enemy, the dead-bird-wearing-gender.

What is Bird Day?
Does it Pay to Study Birds?
Usefulness of Birds.
What I Saw This Spring.
Song—"Merry Sings the Lark."
A Bird's Opinion of Boys and Girls.
Selection from "Birds of Killingsworth."
Women's Rights—Among Birds.
Nightingale Song.
Birds and Bonnets.
  a. Our Duty.
  b. My Lady's Plumes.
  c. The Badge of Cruelty.
  d. The Origin of the Custom.
Some Neighbors in Feathers.
Solo—"Homeward Bound."
Recitations.
  a. Where the Robin Came From.
  b. To a Waterfowl.
  c. The Sand Piper.
Autobiography of a Robin.
Bird Enemies.
Bluebird Reading.
Descriptions of Birds.
  a. Effie Weisbard.
  b. Bertha Hensen.
Bird Stories.
"Morning Invitation."

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| **"The Rising Faith."**—C. A. Bartol. (Roberts Bros.) | 1.25 | 2 |
| **"Ethical Religion."**—Wm. M. Salter. (Roberts Bros.) | 1.50 | 1 |
| **"The Man Jesus."**—John Chadwick. (Roberts Bros.) | 1.00 | 1 |
| **"Lessons From The World of Matter."**—Theodore Parker. (Kerr) | 1.00 | 1 |
| **"Martin Luther."**—F. H. Hedge. (Roberts Bros.) | .60 | 1 |
| **"Proof of Evolution."**—Nelson C. Parshall. (Kerr) | .50 | 1 |
| **"Life and Conditions of Survival."**—Lectures delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (Kerr) | 2.00 | 1 |
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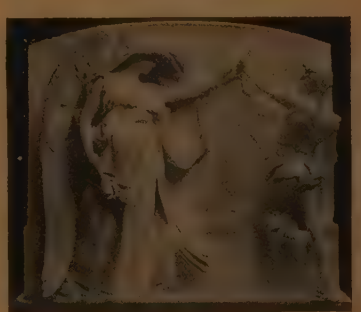

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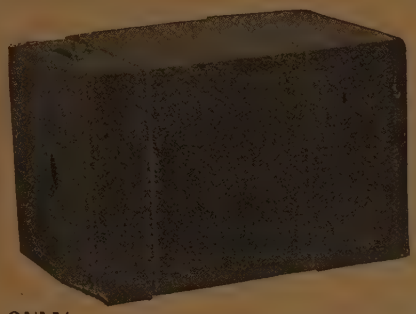

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### A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

A CHORUS OF FAITHS.—This little book is a compilation, but one in which so much discrimination is evidenced, and so many side-lights are thrown on the main question, that it is an inspiration from beginning to end. It is, as the compiler says, a book "with a purpose," and a most worthy one—that of establishing a recognition of the unity of all religions. It is a gathering up of the fragments that were left, after the great Parliament of Religions, the crowning event of the centuries, which took place in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago. "Not revolution, but evolution," is the hopeful possibility from Mr. Jones's point of view. He says:

Existing churches will remain, but their emphasis will be changed more and more from dogma to creed, from profession to practice. From out their creed-bound walls will come an ever-increasing throng, upon whose brows will rest the radiance of the sunrise; whose hearts will glow with the fervid heat of the Orient, intensified with the scientific convictions of the Occident. These people will demand a church that will be as inclusive in its spirit as the Parliament. The Parliament will teach people that there is a universal religion. This must have its teachers, and it will have its churches. This universal religion is not made of the shreds and tatters of other religions. It is not a patchwork of pieces cut out of other faiths, but it is founded on those things which all religions hold in common, the hunger of the heart for comradeship, the thirst of the mind for truth, the passion of the soul for usefulness. In morality the voices of the prophets blend, and the chorus is to become audible throughout the world. In ethics all religions meet. Gentleness is everywhere and always a gospel. Character is always revelation. All writings that make for it are scripture.

Thus in this "Chorus of Faiths" we have a new scripture. What more helpful in the building of character than a record of the noble sayings at that first meeting of the fraternity of religions? Into the world's magnificent thought-treasury is now poured the very cream of religious utterance, which, notwithstanding different races, colors, costumes, characteristics, education, languages, still insists that the one law is love, the one service loving. All light comes from one source. All rays converge to one center. The one center is found at the Parliament, and that center is photographed, as it were, in the "Chorus of Faiths."

From first to last Mr. Jones has dwelt upon statements that stand for unity, has chosen those eloquent and heartfelt representative addresses that most clearly demonstrate the feeling of brotherhood. Even in the arrangement and classification of topics he has shown a rare discriminative faculty, and a loving desire to hold up the finely woven and most perfect pattern of human ideals. After the purposeful introduction, and the words of greeting given by different delegates from home and foreign lands, we find the record proceeding under such significant headings as "Harmony of the Prophets," "Holy Bibles," "Unity in Ethics," "Brotherhood," "The Soul," "The Thought of God," "The Crowning Day," "Farewell," and "Appendix." Under each of these topics is grouped the corresponding views of the different religions, and the thread of unity is most vividly maintained and easily discerned. In the grand "Chorus" there is no discord. Every voice strikes the keynote, and an outburst of harmony is the result.

To the one who thinks, speaks, and lives for Unity, this task of bringing out the unity of revelation, of purpose, of aspiration, of faith, of accomplishment, has evidently been but a delightful privilege, which may be appreciated, if not shared, by those who read the book. As a literary production the "Chorus of Faiths" is a clean-cut cameo profile of the Parliament of Religions.

In conclusion, in the words of a thoughtful and earnest woman: "The keynote of the Parliament in Chicago was the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. We predict that the keynote of the next Parliament will be the Motherhood of God and the Womanhood of man."—HELEN VAN-ANDERSON, *in the Arena.*

A CHORUS OF FAITH.—The Parliament of Religions in Chicago marked an epoch in the world's religious thought. It was a convention in which men of every creed and race met in amity and charity to compare their deepest and most sacred thoughts. Matters of difference were not made prominent. The real kernel of religion was sought far beneath the burrs and husks that have too often and too long been the only vision of the initiated and hostile.

The record of the great convocation is a surprise to its most ardent friends. Words that were said by Buddhist might have been transposed into the mouth of the Romanist, while the Greek Church found its utmost essence not differing from the highest thought of its arch-enemy under the Crescent. Through all the discourses ran a harmony of thought promising a new day in religions when men shall cease to wrangle over their differences and shall magnify their points of likeness and endeavor to get closer together.

It was necessary that a compiler in touch with those present and in love with the subject should put the thought of this great assembly into popular form. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose heart is in deepest sympathy with the broadest religious thought, and who, as secretary of the general committee, furnished much of the motive force of the movement, made a careful study of the entire work of the Parliament and has admirably succeeded in the task of popularizing its proceedings.

It is much more than the work of any one man, however eminent in the field of religion, and Mr. Jones can well claim great success in compilation. It gives the best thought of the best minds in the world to-day.—*Ansonia Sentinel, Ansonia, Conn.*

"A Chorus of Faith" might well be styled an echo of the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, September 10 to 27, 1893. In the pleasing form in which the volume has been compiled, the echo should reverberate through all time to come. The introduction is from the pen of the well-known Jenkin Lloyd Jones, while numerous poems of great beauty and worth from the pens of our greatest poets enliven the pages of the volume and give to the extracts from the numerous essays read before the Religious Parliament a touch of poetry which goes far toward enhancing the interest of the work, however valuable in themselves the abstracts and fragments of religious essays may be. The laymen, as well as theologists will find much in the "Chorus of Faith" to interest them. The religious broadness of the volume is best illustrated by an extract from the remarks of Rev. Joseph Cook, in which he said: "A religion of delight in God, not merely as Saviour, but as Lord also, is scientifically known to be a necessity to the peace of the soul, whether we call God by this name or the other, whether we speak of him in the dialect of this or that of the four continents, or this or that of the ten thousand isles of the sea."—*Current Topics.*

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A FEW PRESS NOTICES.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

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The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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